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# PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

## V.—THE ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM, AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS," "MY PARIS NOTE-BOOK," ETC., ETC.

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"DURING the week that passed between the public announcement of the Emperor's forthcoming marriage with Mlle. de Montijo and the celebration of the marriage itself, civilized Europe simply went mad with excitement, and the whole of it was virtually transmitted to Paris like a telegraphic message." This sentence was written less than six weeks after the event, and on the writer's return from a dinner party at the Tuileries. It forms part of one of the notes given to me by M. de Maupas, shortly after I had translated his *Story of the Coup d'Etat*, and I have every reason to believe that their author was an English nobleman. The note in question proceeds as follows :

"The excitement has not abated; if anything, it appears to be on the increase, and especially is this the case with the immediate *entourage* of the Imperial couple. The whole of to-night's entertainment looked to me unreal, something like a banqueting scene of an opera, and I should not have been surprised to find the capon under my knife to consist of cardboard and my 'goblet of sparkling wine' 'full of emptiness,' with a rim of cotton-wool to represent the foam of the champagne 'that was not there.' I fancy, moreover, that this feeling of unreality, which obtruded itself on me at intervals, exists permanently among the majority of the new Imperial household, and is not altogether absent from the minds of the Emperor and Empress themselves, although they play their *rôles* with consummate skill and ease, especially the Empress; but their marvellous self-control is calculated to deceive every one except perhaps those who, like myself, are constantly on the watch. Different is it with the majority of

their chamberlains, courtiers, servants, though not with the *dames d'honneur*. In spite of the former's phenomenal *aplomb* and their irreproachable *tenue*, they 'give themselves away' more frequently, for the slightest noise seems to startle them, and they are constantly glancing at the doors and behind them as if expecting some sudden catastrophe which shall fling them back into the humdrum existence from which they have just emerged, or worse. '*Mon ami*,' said Vély Pasha, to whom I communicated this impression; '*Mon ami*, you are right, and I may compliment you on your powers of imagination which enable you to enter into their feelings. To me, or to a Russian\* of my age, that kind of look presents nothing unusual; it is the kind of haunted look which you may notice on the face of nearly every Turkish or Russian Court official after a more or less successful palace-revolution, when they expect at every moment the doors of the apartment to be flung open and a company of soldiers to lay hands on them and their fellow guests. In a few months from hence that look will gradually disappear, especially if the more cordial recognition of *le fait accompli* or of *les faits accomplis*, both of the Empire and the marriage, be forthcoming from the Courts of Europe. The Emperor is moving heaven and earth to obtain that recognition. Will he succeed? I fancy he will. His most formidable opponent at present is King Leopold, who is spreading all kinds of reports about him. It is Leopold who has been trying for the last twelvemonth to persuade Queen Victoria that the restoration of the French Empire means a perpetual danger to England. It was Leopold who put a spoke into the Emperor's wheel when the latter asked for Princess Adelaide's hand; and Palmerston, in spite of his own cleverness and his dislike of the late Louis Philippe and his family, was unable to checkmate Leopold in that respect. What he did prevent, and will continue to prevent, is the attempt to poison the Queen's mind politically against Louis Napoleon. He found an unexpected ally in Wellington, who, shortly before his death, went to the Queen, or sent her word to the effect that though Louis Napoleon might be unscrupulous he would not go to war with England. I know that you do not share either Palmerston's or Wellington's opinion, but you will find that they were right. What-

\* Vély Pasha was the then Turkish ambassador to France. He was, I believe, of French extraction, and exceedingly well informed.

soever happens, the Emperor will not go to war with England, and that for various reasons; although I have not the least doubt that a war with England would be popular at any time in France. To begin with, a war with England would mean a naval war, and Louis Napoleon fosters no illusions on the subject of the French navy,\* even if he could find a plausible pretext for such a war. The only question which the Emperor can take up at present in a hostile spirit is that of the Holy Places, and in that direction the interests of England and France appear for the moment identical. I say appear identical, inasmuch as both England and France would prevent Russia from laying hands on Constantinople on the pretext of protecting the Christians in the East. In reality, those among you who suspect the Emperor of a desire for war are not altogether wrong, but they mistake his main motive which is not the aggrandisement of France at the expense of this or that power. What he desires most is a showy, but, for all that, Platonic alliance, an alliance that will cast a glamour on his newly revived dynasty, or, to be correct, on himself and the consort whom he has chosen in direct defiance of all tradition. Such an alliance, unfortunately, cannot be contracted *à-propos de rien*, there must be a real or supposed adversary against whom to combine, and accident has befriended him in making Nicholas not only the most convenient enemy, but the sole enemy against whom an advantageous alliance from the Emperor's own point of view may be contracted. Just work out the problem for yourself,† always bearing in mind that the alliance itself is

\* The Emperor could have fostered no illusions on the subject, seeing that a twelvemonth after this conversation—viz., at the outbreak of the Crimean War—Marshal St. Arnaud had to be conveyed to the scene of operations on a tug, while the Spahis, his particular escort, had to be satisfied with “La Belle Poule,” the vessel that had brought Napoleon's remains from St. Helena more than twenty years before.

† The author of the note did not work out the problem—at any rate, not on paper; but it only requires a moment's thought to admit the justice of Vély Pasha's remarks. There were only two European powers to attack at that moment, Austria and Russia. To beard the former on the pretext of freeing Italy from her yoke, as was done in 1859, would have been too dangerous then for the home peace of France; for the clergy never mistook the final aim of a free Italy—namely, the occupation of Rome—and the clergy had especially to be reckoned with at the beginning of Napoleon III.'s reign. Besides, a war with Austria would have only given the Court of the Tuileries the advantage of an alliance with the Court of Turin, and Adelaide, Queen of Piedmont, who was an Austrian archduchess, was not sufficiently important to counteract the prejudices of Europe with regard to Mlle. de Montijo, even if she had consented to do so, which is extremely doubtful. To court the alliance of Prussia or Austria in a war against Russia would have been equally futile. Prussia was in those days under the tutelage of Nicholas, whose wife was the sister of the King of Prussia himself and of the heir-presumptive. Queen Elizabeth of Prussia (the wife of Frederick William IV.) would not have paid a visit to the Tuileries; Princess Augusta—afterwards Empress Augusta—would not have been allowed to go, if she had wished. Francis Joseph was a bachelor, and, moreover, under too recent obligations to Russia for her assistance in the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection.

the thing, and that it must afford not only the greatest number of chances of success from a military standpoint in case of need, but at the same time the greatest amount of social prestige obtainable. By which I mean that it must provide the most unexceptionable sponsor for himself and the Empress in the face of Europe. If you do work this out for yourself, you cannot fail to come to the conclusion that Queen Victoria is not only the most desirable ally, but, in fact, the only available one. A show of active good will on Queen Victoria's part will put an end at once to the equivocal situation of the Imperial couple; it will reverse at once the unspoken sentence of ostracism delivered mentally against the Empress by the female members of the reigning houses of Europe; it will, in fact, be tantamount to a presentation *en règle et en masse* at one of the 'drawing-rooms' at Buckingham Palace of all the adventurers and adventuresses among whom we happen to be seated at this moment.'

"I looked closely at Vély Pasha," says the author of the note, "in order to discern how much of all this was thrown out as a bait, and how much of it was founded upon knowledge. Two months ago (December, 1852), I had been told by a friend from London that they considered Louis Napoleon's somewhat too conspicuous concern about the Holy Places and the Latin Christians in the East as fraught with danger to the peace of Europe, and, at any rate, as premature. But no motive like that advanced by Vély Pasha had been assigned to it, for the simple reason that a marriage with Mlle. de Montijo was only decided on about the middle of January. Before that time the new Emperor's contemplated action in the matter was attributed to his wish to court favor with the clerical party. The new Empress, however, is also suspected of decided ultramontane tendencies, and both may be wanting to kill two flies with one blow. Be this as it may, there is no doubt about Vély Pasha's absolutely correct view of the actual situation. Directed against no matter whom, the first war of the Second Empire will be waged for the sake of securing to the Empress a different footing from that which she occupies at present.

"Candidly speaking, the present footing is the reverse of agreeable. The *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain, to whom the highest positions in the household of the Empress were offered, laughed the idea to scorn, as their grandmothers and

mothers had done to a certain extent when Napoleon I. made similar overtures to them at his marriage with Marie Louise. Napoleon I. foamed at the mouth, and swore at all those '*belles dames qui font les renchéries et ne veulent pas paraître à ma cour!*' and threatened to make them obey.

"He succeeded in a little while, because after all, the daughter of the Hapsburgs was as good as they, and there could be no comment on her past. His nephew, who has his temper under better control, and is less brutal and more witty, simply smiles and makes scathing remarks in the shape of epigrams. But epigrams, however brilliant, are not calculated to bring about the wished-for *rapprochement* between the women of the Tuileries and those of the Faubourg St. Germain. Some of the male members of the old nobility are showing a tendency to rally round the new *régime*. It will not do, perhaps, to scrutinize their motives too closely. They are influenced by pecuniary considerations or personal ambition.\*

"But what ever these motives may be, they do not appear to be strong enough to affect the minds of the womankind of the new converts. They, the womankind, continue to stand aloof; their fathers, husbands, and brothers attend the Imperial receptions and entertainments by themselves. This makes it awkward for the six or seven true gentlewomen by whom the Empress is surrounded, for, in spite of Vély Pasha's wholesale condemnation, all the women are not adventuresses, but the men, with the exception of the contingent from the Faubourg St. Germain, and a *very few* others, have all a more or less shady past, and that notwithstanding their high-sounding titles, which in the majority of cases are real enough. 'I do not know a single individual here who in any other country would pass muster as a commonly honest man.' Thus wrote Finch, the English ambassador to the court of Elizabeth of Russia, and his sentence will almost hold good with regard to the civil members of the Emperor's household, for, as I have said, with the exception of the new comers from the Faubourg St. Germain and a few others, such as, for in-

\* Shortly after the re-establishment of the Senate (January, 1852) its members passed a bill, conferring upon the Emperor the right of granting senators an annual gratification varying from 15,000 to 30,000 francs. The Emperor had the nomination of 150 senators. Dupin was one of the first to be appointed. But, as the author of the above note remarks, all the new converts were not influenced by money considerations. The Duc de Guiche, the playfellow of the Comte de Chambord, and to whom the Comte's aunt had left £40,000 per annum, could not have been thus influenced. This was the future Duc de Gramont, who rushed France into the war of 1870.

stance, Walewski, Mocquard, and Ferdinand Barrot, they have all been involved in discreditable money transactions. The *vieille noblesse*, though clean in that respect until now, will not remain clean long, for albeit that the Empire is very young, there is the smell of booty in the air, and, unless I am utterly mistaken, the smell will even corrupt what has been hitherto the most invulnerable section of the French nation, the French army, by which, of course, I mean the higher grades.

“As it is, these civilians are, as yet, the most interesting to the dispassionate observer, especially those who for reasons which it is impossible to guess and rarely possible to ascertain, have been pitchforked into high places. The number of civilian craftsmen who ‘staged’ the *coup d’état* is pretty well-known; they are Persigny and Maupas; yet, to see these new-fangled dignitaries strut and pose, to hear them talk, one would really think that each of them had borne the whole brunt of the affair. There is a minister\* who would fain have us believe that he furnished thousands upon thousands to defray the expenses of the *coup d’état*. As it happens I know for a fact that the *coup d’état* was carried out with very little money, one might say without any money, for the President had not sufficient to settle the notes that were sent in afterwards for the refreshment of the troops, though the whole amount did not exceed 15,000 francs. I have heard this boast on the part of the minister for the last three months, and the other day while at luncheon with Véron, I happened to mention it. Sophie, his housekeeper,† was in the room, and as she is an old and trusty servant, the like of whom one rarely sees off the stage, she often gives her opinion on men and things without being asked. ‘He lent the Emperor money!’ she interrupted, ‘*vraiment la plaisanterie est trop bonne. Voyons, monsieur,*’ turning to her master: ‘you know well enough that he would not lend a *traître sou* (a red cent) to any one to save him from starvation. Does not monsieur remember his coming in one morning after he had been to see the President, and his telling monsieur how nicely he had been received? Thereupon he told monsieur,’ this particularly to me, ‘that the President had offered to make him a

\* At the especial request of the Editor, of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have suppressed nearly all the names from this note.

† She was a famous character. I have given a short account of her in *An Englishman in Paris*, Vol. I., Chap. 3.

minister.' "Why didn't you accept?" asked monsieur. "I would have done so," answered he, "but I was afraid of his asking me to lend him some money." 'It's quite true,' Véron burst out laughing. 'I had forgotten all about it.'

"There is also an equally brand-new chamberlain, who goes about bellowing that as long as he remains at the Tuileries not a hair of the Emperor's head will be hurt—that, in fact, he will be the French Roustan to Napoleon III., while every one knows that a few months before the *coup d'état* he said repeatedly to any and every one who would listen to him that 'Louis Napoleon ought to be got rid of,' and that 'the man who should put a bullet through his head would deserve well of his country.' "

I have given this note *in extenso* because I feel convinced, from collateral evidence, both from English and French sources, that it contains the explanation of France's share in the Crimean War. My reason for not producing that evidence is simply want of space. By this time Napoleon III. had become fully alive to the necessity of counteracting the unfavorable impression produced throughout Europe by the *faits et gestes* of his courtiers, which doings formed the main topic of the despatches sent by the various ambassadors to their governments. To check, let alone put an end to, those doings was at that moment absolutely impossible, for the simple reason that such an attempt would have entailed the banishment of the whole of his family from the Tuileries and perhaps from France; for those whose foremost aim and duty it should have been to preserve the by no means unsullied records of the Bonapartes from additional stains, seemed bent on besmirching those records still further, and to this charge there is scarcely an exception.

The whole of the Emperor's family, with the exception of Anna Murat, afterwards Duchesse de Mouchy, vied with one another to bring the dynasty into contempt; and the Emperor, when exposure became imminent, had to bear the brunt of their misdoings to avoid public scandal.

Every now and then there was a comic side to the Emperor's part of mediator, financial stopgap, and universal peacemaker, especially when complications of a somewhat flighty nature had to be adjusted, in which cases the sovereign was made the scapegoat for the doings of both parties, sometimes with his will, more often against it.



As time goes on and the dynasty becomes apparently more consolidated at home and abroad, this original attitude of *sans-gêne* with regard to the Emperor will assume a form which even the least observant cannot fail to notice, for there lies one of the germs of the Franco-German War. As yet, however, we are at the period immediately before and after the outbreak of the Crimean War, when Napoleon III. is still the sole dispenser of the good things, when the adventurers around him are not sufficiently daring, but above all not sufficiently accredited in the eyes of France, whom eventually they are to bleed in all her veins, to help themselves. The "Haussmannizing" of Paris, that theoretically honest, beneficent and gigantic idea, is only in its infancy, and has not been corrupted into a system of shameless robbery and the forebear of systems equally shameless. In one word, the sovereign is as yet the sovereign, considerably hampered by his past, it is true, and often yielding where he ought to resist, but not the puppet of the most gangrened society that ever existed on the face of the civilized earth, as will be seen later on.

Meanwhile the struggle in the Crimea was running its course ; the battles of the Alma, Balaclava and Inkermann had been fought, but with the exception of a State visit from the Queen to the French ambassador in London in 1854, the Anglo-French alliance had not been productive of the results which according to Vély Pasha were the chief motive of that alliance on the part of Napoleon III. I quote once more from one of the notes given to me by M. de Maupas ; but, unlike the first, this one appears not to have been written at one sitting.

"The French are almost apathetic with regard to the news from the seat of war. There was no enthusiasm at the tidings of the victorious engagements, and for once in a way the magic of the word *gloire* seems to fail in its effect, not only on the masses, but also on the better classes ; and this, notwithstanding the efforts of the newspapers to work the oracle. This lukewarmness on the part of the nation is not due to the fact of 'the glory being divided,' as some of my English friends who were here a few days ago suggest. It is due to the impression generally prevailing that France is taking the chestnuts out of the fire for England to munch ; in other words, that France is being made the catspaw of England. And the impression is shared by the court itself ; for, of course, no one outside the court circles

and very few within have a definite idea of the real reason that prompted the Emperor to contract this alliance—for I begin to think that Vély Pasha was absolutely correct in his surmises. If so, the Emperor and Empress must be greatly disappointed, for as yet no invitation from Windsor has reached the Tuileries. That both are clever enough to hide their disappointment there is not the shadow of a doubt; at the same time, the Empress, who is a Spaniard and consequently impulsive, may have dropped a few words expressing her dissatisfaction with things as they appear, while still hiding her real thoughts, and these words have no doubt been magnified and spread about. The Empress is slowly gathering round her a coterie—as yet it is not a party—whose avowed mission, or rather pretension it is to take a share in politics. Their targets at present are Jérôme and his son, which puts the Emperor in an awkward position; for, not to mince matters, I believe the Emperor is afraid of Jérôme's son and I am not the only one who fosters this belief. Lord Cowley said as much the other day.

“Success at last! The Emperor and Empress are going to England about the middle of next month.\* The visit, from what I hear of those who do know, will be the upshot of a cleverly enacted comedy within a comedy. How far it will deceive those who, in spite of themselves perhaps, have been drawn into the cast, I am unable to say, but two of the principal actors, the Emperor and the Empress, have every reason to be satisfied. It appears that some months ago the Emperor expressed his intention to Lord Clarendon to take command of the army in the Crimea. Clarendon quietly told the Emperor to abandon the idea, and the matter was not referred to again until within the last fortnight or three weeks, when the Empress at one of the receptions, took Lord Cowley aside, and with tears in her eyes, communicated to him that the Emperor had reverted to his original intention and was determined this time to carry it through. ‘I cannot and dare not dissuade the Emperor; if I did, there might be an outcry against me;’ the Empress said, or words to that effect. The Empress also as good as said that in this instance her usual influence over the Emperor would be of no avail, that in fact she did not have much faith in any one’s in-

\* This part of the note must, therefore, have been written in March, 1855. The remaining part seems also divided by a short interval.

fluence except perhaps that of the English court. Two or three days afterwards Cowley had a private letter from England on the same subject, stating that both Walewski and Countess Walewski had expressed a similar opinion. Cowley gives one pretty clearly to understand that he did not for one single moment believe in the Emperor's genuine intention to go to the Crimea, or in the Empress' belief in that intention, at the same time he is quite willing to admit that the Emperor would have gone if the invitation to Windsor had not been given. As that, still according to Cowley's admission, was a contingency to be avoided at all costs, he also set to work to procure the invitation, but whosoever else is, Cowley is not the dupe of the comedy.

"The visit to England, it appears, has gone off most admirably. If it was a comedy, the London crowd, the City Corporation, the public bodies have seconded the Queen and Prince Albert in a marvellous manner in the spectacular part of it. For though Londoners are not more intelligent than the dwellers in other capitals of Europe, a good many among the former must have had an idea, however vague, that all the traditions of the English Court and the private life of the sovereign herself were opposed to the reception *en famille* of this very brand new Imperial couple. But the Queen having said "A," her good-tempered Londoners were determined to proceed to the last letter of the alphabet, and before they were half through with it made the comedy a reality. Of course, the unquestionable beauty of the Empress has had something to do with this spontaneity, but if I read the private accounts which have reached me aright, the Emperor himself did more than any one else to provoke that enthusiasm by the masterly interpretation of his part. He adopted the tactics he had found so effectual at Strasburg and Ham and Boulogne during his presidential journeys, and without waiting for people to remind him of his adventurous past, he reminded people of it. What was cleverer still, he did it *dès son entrée en scène*, as the French would say. As the Royal and Imperial procession wound its way up St. James' Street, less than an hour after his arrival, he stood up in his carriage and showed the Empress the lodgings in King Street he had occupied when his future seemed dark and dreary enough.\* That, unless I am

\* History always repeats itself. The first time Napoleon I. and Marie-Louise crossed the Pont-Neuf together, the Emperor stood up in his carriage and pointed out to his bride a house on the Quai Conti. Great consternation of the tradesmen

mistaken in my own countrymen, 'did the trick.' Next day, the story went the round of the papers, supplemented by other anecdotes from those who had known Prince Louis when he was a familiar figure at the clubs and at Lady Blessington's; the writers vying with one another in laying stress on the indomitable strength of will in adversity of the new Emperor and conveniently forgetting how they had laughed that strength of will to scorn at the time of its display. In short, twenty-four hours after the raising of the curtain upon that particular act of the comedy, the author of the play as well as *all* the actors in it, seeing that every one was satisfied, might have asked one another with Don Basile in *Le Barbier de Séville*—'*Qui trompe-t-on ici? tout le monde est dans le secret.*' As it happened, every one was not let into the secret, not even among those who ought to have made it their business to be—I am referring to the *corps diplomatique*. Mr. Buchanan, the United States Minister in London, had no idea that all this was a comedy and that the Emperor no more intended to proceed to the Crimea than Mr. Buchanan himself. He was under the impression that this great show of goodwill to the Emperor was a kind of 'God's speed' on his journey to the seat of war. At the reception at Walewski's the Emperor went up to Mr. Buchanan expressing the hope that he would see him at the forthcoming Exhibition, and at the same time mentioning his regret that the United States should not be represented more effectually, from an industrial and manufacturing point of view, at the New Palais de l'Industrie. The fact is, there has been already a good deal of comment on this absence of competition on the part of the United States, and in some quarters it has been construed into a political manifestation of a hostile nature to the Emperor himself, if not against the Empire. To do the Emperor justice, it should be said that he never speaks but in terms of the greatest admiration of America; and he probably felt somewhat sore on the subject, though I feel certain that he did not show his annoyance. Mr. Buchanan, with great tact, replied

on the quay, who were under the impression that the whole of their dwellings had been singled out for demolition. and in those days there was no Municipal Council to have contested the will of the sovereign, who had, however, no such intention. He was simply pointing out to the Empress the house on the fifth floor of which he had lodged, when he came to Paris from Brienne. I remember, when a youth, seeing the tablet which had been placed in front of the house since 1853, in commemoration of the fact. *L'Empereur Napoléon Bonaparte, officier d'artillerie, sortant de l'école de Brienne, demeurait au 5<sup>me</sup> étage de cette maison.*

that he was shortly going back to the United States, which would make it difficult therefore to accept the Emperor's invitation. 'Steam is a wonderful thing in shortening distances,' said the Emperor. 'True, sire ;' replied the Minister with somewhat less tact than he had shown before. 'The distance between Paris and Washington is perhaps less great than between Paris and Sebastopol, whither your Majesty, I am told, is going.' This time the Emperor was visibly annoyed. 'This is entirely my own concern, and no one but myself knows anything about it,' he said, drawing himself up and leaving Mr. Buchanan to stare almost open-mouthed at him. I can understand the astonishment of the Minister, but he could not, for the simple reason that he had neglected to keep himself posted up in the undercurrents of the moment, a thing which no diplomatist should neglect. He had unwittingly reminded Napoleon III. that all the cheers, all the speeches, all the bunting, all the State pageantry of the last few days were virtually the result of a false pretence on Napoleon's part, and Napoleon did not like it."

Here ends the note which, together with the one that preceded it, lets in more light on the secret causes of France's share in the Crimean War than any number of so-called political histories. The first war of the Second Empire was undertaken not for political but for social purposes, namely, to give the new Empress the sponsor she lacked face to face with the sovereigns of Europe. The second (1859) was waged to save the emperor himself from assassination ; the third (Mexico) in order to cover the frauds of Morny in connection with the Jecker bonds : the fourth for the sake of securing the tottering Napoleonic dynasty to the Prince Imperial. I fancy I have already proved the first of these four contentions ; I will endeavor to make good the other three in the course of these papers.

One thing is absolutely certain. Even amidst the excitement caused by the Queen's return visit to Napoleon III., Paris, if not the whole of France, distinguished clearly between the sovereign and the nation over which she ruled. I am enabled to speak about this without reference to notes, for four months after the termination of that visit, I set foot in the French capital for the first time, and although I was but a mere lad, I paid a great deal of attention to the conversations around me, for the simple reason, perhaps, that there was little else to do. The

relatives with whom I had come to stay were old bachelors, our home was the habitual resort of a number of men of note, and I had no companions of my own age. I could not but listen; and being blessed—or cursed—with an excellent memory, I remember those conversations, after forty years, as if I had heard them yesterday. And the subject of the Queen's visit and France's relations with England seemed inexhaustible, especially after the return of the French troops from the Crimea; a spectacle which I was privileged to witness three days after my arrival. It was on that occasion that I also caught my first glimpse of Napoleon III. as the troops marched past him on the Place Vendôme after he had ridden along the whole length of the Grand Boulevards to receive them on the Place de la Bastille. We had a "police-pass," and were allowed to walk in the middle of the road, unhindered by any one. Though I did not speak French so fluently as I do now, I understood everything that was said. "This is the revenge of Moscou," remarked my grand-uncle to a friend whom we met. "You are mistaken, dear friend," was the reply, "it is the stultification of Waterloo and St. Helena." Though I understood the words, I did not understand their sense, and when we got home I asked, for I had been taught to ask. My uncle explained as well as he could to a lad of thirteen, and, presumptuous as it may sound, I did understand. From that moment I have never ceased to understand that no amount of diplomatic tall-talk or soft-sawder will ever remove from the French mind the dislike of the English. I understood it still better when, a week later, a friend of my relatives, a surgeon-major who had just returned from the Crimea, paid them a visit. He was one of those courteous gentlemen, the like of whom are fast dying out in France, but his courtesy notwithstanding, he had not a good word to say for any of the English officers with the exception of Colin Campbell. He did not for one moment question their bravery and refrained from commenting on their military talents. He was simply dwelling upon their innate, albeit carefully suppressed, antagonism to the French. "The men are different," he said, "they fraternize well enough, especially the Irish and the French. I remember," he continued, "when the more minute accounts of the Queen's visit to Paris came. There was not a single one whose face did not show the most intense disgust. I understand but little English, but I

understood their faces well enough. The English soldiers suffered a great deal more than the French, mainly on account of their inability to make the best of things, and on account of their more naturally cleanly habits, but much of this suffering might have been avoided if the men had been allowed to come into closer contact with ours, for there is no doubt that the British troops would not have been above taking a lesson from our men in many things. But the officers systematically set their face against this comradeship. Yes, we have done wonderful things, as the result will prove. In a score of years from this day, England will have reaped all the benefit from this campaign, and France will be left in the cold when she wants an ally. The French are grown-up children and easily pleased. It appears that Victor Emmanuel came a month or so ago. That visit will cost France another war."

He said much more, for which I cannot find space here, but I shall have occasion to quote now and then from his recollections which he left to my grand-uncles. They are chiefly anecdotal, and refer to the Franco-Austrian rather than to the Crimean War. He had been away nearly two years, and the transformation Paris had undergone during that time struck him greatly. "I suppose it's all right. *L'Empire* means peace at home. After all, French soldiers would sooner fight for a cause not their own than not fight at all. The Emperor knows this, but he may fight once too often."

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

(*To be Continued.*)